

The gods, they forbid

by hoarfrost-sn

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Summary: The thunder crashed and boomed, lightning shook their ride as the skies turned into a sad shade of gray. The rain poured above their heads, the world falling upon them. She grazes her hands over his face, tears now leaking in the corners of her eyes. It has always come down to this. And this time, they must face a greater opposition. The gods. One-shot. Mericcup.

The gods, they forbid

\*\*Sup bros! So, this is my first time writing some angsty, dramatic stuff. I usually write romantic and fluffy stuff (check some of my works in my profile). I'm not used to sad stuff, I end up crying like a baby when I find masterpieces of angst and drama . I wouldn't call this one a masterpiece, but I tried. Hope you like it, give it a shot! Enjoy~\*\*

\*\*Note: Oh, and Hiccup's look here is his older version. In his late teens, from HTTYD 2. And Merida is in her usual state. \*\*

\* \* \*

><p>The ship rocked back and forth, as the waves of the ocean tossed their ride to a direction to an unknown place, keeping it moving though they knew in seconds or in few moments they would sink and never again be found. A fire flares in the midst of the dark lit sky as it spewed fireballs unto the air, crackling and sizzling as the rain poured upon it, unable to tame the wild fire that was set loose in the ship. Wretched screams filled the air, her crew was abandoning the ship. They waved their arms up in the air as they panicked, unable to form a rational thought as fear had split their minds in two. Some had already jumped off their ride that was slowly being submerged by the vexed and unforgiving seas.<p>

But in the midst of people losing their minds and jumping off the

ship, she sat there. And let the red curls of hair that erupted from her head be dampened by the ruthless storm that brewed over her scarred skin. She sat there, almost still. Only her breath was steady as her breathing was slow. Her chest heaves for air, not gasping. She had plenty of air to breathe, even though she knew it was her last. Her dress was torn and blood leaked and oozed out her skin, she doesn't care. Pain. She feels it. But not because of the massive cut on her head or the blood that trickled down her shoulder nor was it the sprain she gained from running away from the ship's post that nearly crushed her to death. She feels pain, and it \_demanded\_ to be felt. Inside. It cut her, through and fro. With a long knife's blade, sharp and honed. A samurai holds this blade, and it slashes, pierces through her aching heart and lets blood splatter in all directions from within her. It aches deep within, her face now twists into what seems like the perfect representation of: \_Pain.\_

But she wasn't alone, she watches helplessly as the man that lay on her lap be tortured by searing pain as well. She couldn't do anything to help him. Save \_him\_. \_She has her blue eyes locked on his helpless state. His hair drenched in the endlessly pelting rain. His freckled face which blood was now present, had almost lay emotionless as he feels his body grow numb to the pain he feels so deep within him it torments him to move even just a little bit. His head was resting on her lap as she grazes a comforting hand over his face, to which she doubts he even feels. His eyes were squeezed shut, he had no strength to open them at face morphs and twists to the feeling of anew, he bites his lip till it nearly bleeds and when he gasps for air, it does. He tastes his own blood, sour and different as the foreign taste dances within the bundle of nerves on his tongue. Is this what blood tastes like? Well, damn. He could've just been a vampire.

But no, he wasn't. He was a Viking. She's Scottish. And a Viking swore to protect his land from any harm and danger and would not cower in fear. She swore to never back away from a fight. But what were they doing now? He's here, shivering, limp, helpless, \_in pain, cowering in fear as he prays to the gods to let him live another life. To see the sun shine upon his freckled face once more, and just feel the heat and warmth envelop his skin. She's here, giving up on everything she has. Just to let him live, just to let him breathe, just to be with \_him.\_

Ah, yes. He remembers. He remembers the first time he laid eyes on her, the grand ball of all ages. He had found an escape from home, as his father was yapping to him something about being the sole heir of their tribe, it put a heavy weight on his shoulders. So he ran away. He finds her there, in the party. He was the unwelcomed guest. His presence sparks a fire, an unwanted war ensues between the Vikings and the Scottish, the long time enemies of all the centuries. They had the most historical fights in history, and history was about to repeat itself.

And with that, he finds his way to the princess. They talk. They chat. They laugh. They fall. And with just that, their hearts learn to love with a simple spark that flared within their soles.

He closes his eyes to the pain, in hopes of relieving himself from the agony he felt as he forces himself into a rewind of sweet, happy, and maybe, never again will he see these memories. The time he teaches her to ride on Toothless. The first time she thought him how to aim with a bow. The first time he braids her curls. The first time

she tames Toothless. The first time she let him taste her pastries. The first time he lets him try Berk's traditional Yaknog's. And \_how \_she first spits the drink out in disgust.

He smiles.

In the midst of pain.

Ah, yes. Sweet, good, happy memories. Wait, the pain kicks in.

He groans as he pulls a hand over to his chest and grips at the torn flesh beneath his armor. The rain was still pouring, hard. He slowly regains conscious, he sees an angel looking down at him with blue eyes that grew wider by the minute in worry.

Merida.

The Scottish princess of DunBroch.

Her face read fear and worry, her lips slightly hung open in hopes of a reaction over his body. She gasps to the realization, he was okay.

Maybe.

"Hiccup," she merely chokes out, unable to believe the miracle that he was still alive. Barely breathing, but \_alive. \_She doesn't give him a moment to speak as she wraps her arms around his neck, shivering in both fear and agony as she presses her face in the crook of his neck.

He laughs, then coughs. He opens his eyes a little wider to be able to see his surroundings, his ship, her ship—their ship was now sinking to the sea. The fire was growing bigger by the minute, not even the rain could stop it's flares that went up and scorched the midnight sky. The silence hung in the air, except for Merida's cries. Her eyes gave up on her as they continued to leak tears, the independent, strong, princess of DunBroch was here. Crying, grieving, merely breathless of the loss she knew she was about to have. She couldn't do anything but drop down and cry, her cheeks flushed red as she couldn't contain herself anymore. She lets all anger and frustration out on his neck as she clutches around him harder, for one last touch, one last burn, one last \_feeling \_of their skins grazing against one another though their armors and clothing were in the way.

He forces himself into a smile. A sad, broken smile.

"Mer," he says, she snaps at him. He feels they were going down by the minute, only a few seconds before the water engulfs them into the roaring sea. He knew he had to save her, somehow. Some way.

"No," she says, pulling away to face him. Face so close to one another he feels her batted breath on his flaky skin as she grazes her hand to cup his cheeks where a small cut leaked from it. "Say my name. \_My real name. \_For one \_last \_time."

"Merida," he obeys.

She nods.

He fidgets.

She cries.

Again.

As she came down again for a bone-crushing hug, he smiles to himself. How did it all come down to this? He remembers it like yesterday, they let the Scottish and the Vikings think whatever they wanted. Say whatever they wanted. Do whatever they wanted. But a love that's genuine and true is hard to find, how could they simply let go of one another? They didn't. So they'd give them grim stares with green beady eyes. Talk behind their backs as if they knew what really was happening between them. It all came down until suddenly their differences was put to the test as their parents forbid them to see one another anymore. Forever.

He'd bring her berries in the morning, in secret as Toothless was their secret love messenger. He'd court her in the night, where he'd sing under wraps so she would be the only one to hear his throaty voice sing. For her and for her only. But they grew tired, of hiding. Being kept away from each other. It came to the need they could no longer live a life away from one another, so they ran away.

But now, they were here. In the ship they had bought for themselves with a crew of their own, sinking, shattered, hopeless. Like them. Like they always were. Just when they thought they had destroyed the barriers, the impossibilities of love, here they were, about to be devoured by the gnashing waves of the sea. How had their lives come to this? They have saved the children, Toothless must've flown them off into safety. That was good. Really good. A part of him was at peace, while the other, in complete distraught. The thunder then enters the scene, crackles and booms into the air as it spread fear to those who saw it now, even from miles away. Ah, now he understood.

"They forbid," he chokes, voice hoarse from the pain that had struck him even in his throat. She stops crying and pulls away to look him in the eye, face read in confusion as she tilts her head she her curls followed. She remained silent, she wants to hear what he has to say.

"It's the gods," he says again. His eyes now stung as it tortured him to leak unwanted tears, though his lips were curved into a smile that confused his state of both pain, happiness, sadness, and whatsoever.

"It's the gods," he repeats, clearer now. "They forbid. They always have."

Merida shook her head. "No."

"Yes."

"No, Hiccup A refuse taâ€"

"Merida don't you s\_ee?" \_his voice raises into a little higher note, the thunder booms once more. "It's the gods, you see. They forbid," he's crying now. "From the moment we met, they knew Vikings and the

Scottish were \_never \_meant to love. And what do we do? We went against the ancient and did thee impossible, we \_loved."\_

She clutches at him, her fingertips stained with blood as she numbly grazes it through his hair and lets it get tangled all the way as she continues to pull at his hair. Her tear stained face now shaking vigorously, unable to accept her lover's beliefsâ€”the facts. The truth.

"No," she says again. The boat tumbles a little bit over, he clutches onto her for support. "Then we'll fight 'em, Hiccup. \_Fight. \_That's what we're meant for. It's in our blood, this is who we 'ar."

The boat was now being engulfed by the waters, the waves come crashing into the boat not letting anything stop its ruthless ways. As the storm blew harder by the minute it stirs the waters wilder as it grew. Her legs were getting wet. His entire body is being drowned by the waters, it was already up to his ears. They knew they had little time left, such very little time. They had lots of time, times to say I love you, times to say I need you, times to say I miss you, times to bid each other goodbyes.

But alas, this seems like their last.

Another thunderbolt ceases from the sky. Ah, Thor must have sent it specially just for them. Hiccup secretly wished the gods were happy with what they were doing to them now.

She smiles again, more genuine this time. Though tears still streamed down her face, she lay beside him, accepting her fate. \_Their \_fate. He hugs her, wrapping arms, legs around her body, the easiest and most painful way to say goodbye. Though he knew, in another life he would find her. He \_always \_did. He always will. He nuzzles his face into her wild, untamable curls, as he bit his lip to the feeling of the water rising.

He smiles against her skin as he places a kiss on the top of her head, water now gushing in all the ways as their blood spread and became one with the sea just like them.

"We've put up a fight, and I must say, capt'n. We've fought pretty well."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Tadaaa~ Well, that's my first sadd-y. Hope you liked it. Leave a reviewcomment and let me know if you liked or what you thought about it! \*\*

\*\*Till next time, adios! :-3 \*\*

End  
file.